

Among the Trappers

in Labrador

The circumstance of life is, in Labrador, apt to be barometric, now up, now down.

There is as much difference between life at the inner end of a Labrador bay and that "on the outside," as there is between the traditional chalk and cheese.

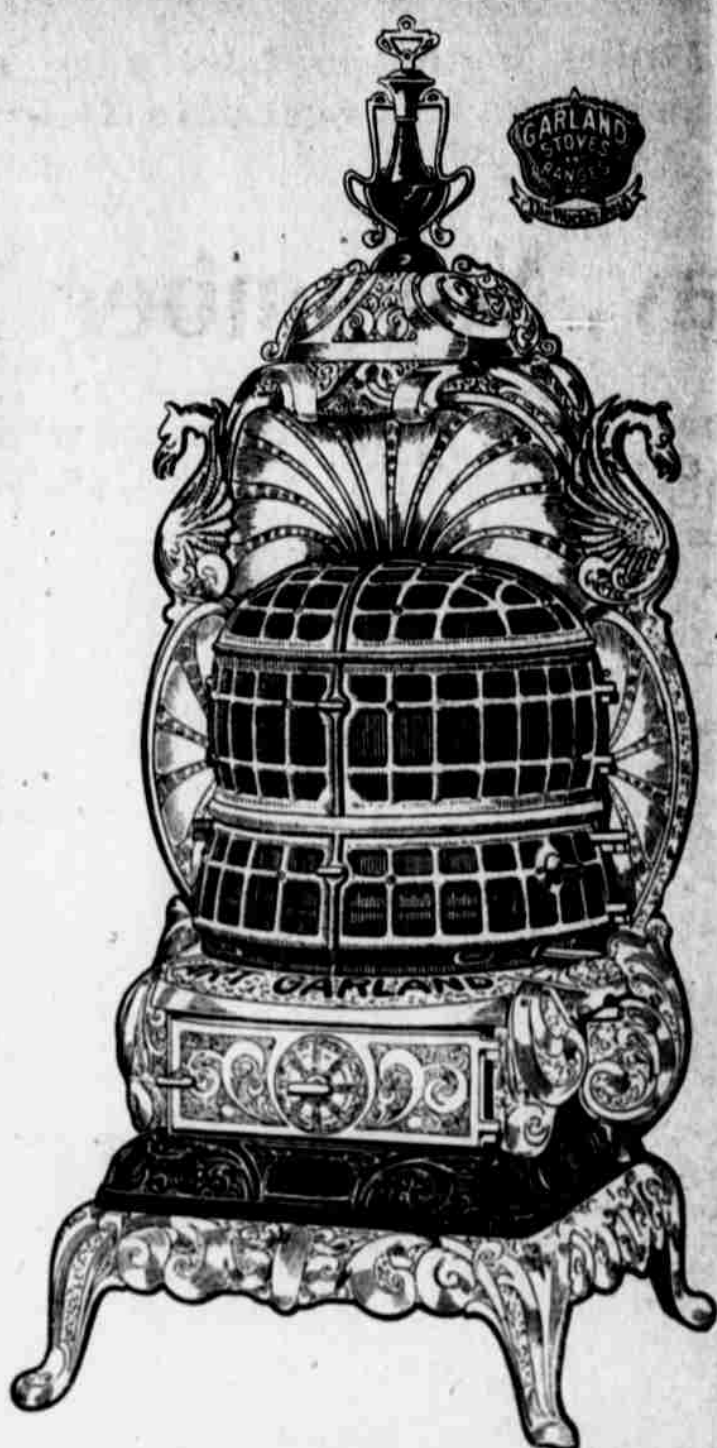
A 12-hour run up Lake Melville and we're anchored among green trees and flies and in fresh water. In the first house we visited lived an aged half breed of 84, who had been hopelessly crippled in one knee early in life. One might have expected conditions similar to those on the outside, but on the contrary in this, and indeed in every house, were all the signs of greater comfort. The erroneous deduction has been made that this fact is entirely due to the lumber milling that has been carried on here though in a spasmodic manner, during the past ten years, or possibly to the fact that these men are all trappers rather than fishermen. But none of the men attributed their sounder positions to these causes. The old man said:

"It be different nowadays, doctor—folks can help you, them's able to do it," and thereby he touched one true phrase of Labrador life; a brotherly hospitality that comes as close to real communism as that of many who theorize about it more than they do.

"But why Uncle Abe are they better off?"

"Well, it be ever since Johnnie G. began trading for himself." One of them—"one of the community"—had entered into opposition to "the corporation," and in spite of the efforts of the competitors had succeeded. His effort was not, however, purely selfish, for he had both lowered prices of provisions and raised prices for fur and produce. Now the earnings of some of these bigger trappers are quite considerable, two young men here getting \$1,800 and \$2,000 respectively for their last winter's catch.

There is considerable romance attached to the lonely lives of these men, each man keeping his "own grounds," and that only begins often far from home—very literally "beyond the mountains." There a man with five hundred traps and a three weeks' round of thilts or huts will work alone all winter, having hauled in his flour the previous spring, while the hard snow and frozen ponds still give him a good roadway. The traps are left at the huts for the following winter, and sometimes the whole lot, consisting of traps, path, huts, and outfit will be hired to another man for one-third of his catch. In this way the large families own districts by right of custom, most jealously observed by the settlers, and if only their title was good at law they might be considered among



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W. D. Vaughan

the largest owners in the world. But the title is much on the principle of Alexander Selkirk's—"my right there is none to dispute."

On bidding farewell to our friends we proceeded down the river under pilotage of the very Johnnie G. who has done so much for the people, as we were to operate on his wife and the bay. But by misfortune, in the dark, we missed our bearings, and ran high and dry on a large sand shoal. Often between success and failure in life only a little intervenes, and now for two nights and a day we had to fight hard to get our ship off. The worst feature seemed to us that the tide kept piling the sand up beside the Strathcona as she lay, and after twenty-four hours, instead of nearly seven feet of water amidships, there was only five, while trying to forge ahead and astern without propeller simply blocked the injection pipes and stopped the suction. We were out of sight of the people, and therefore had to undertake a long row up to see what could be done about getting help, every device known to us having entirely failed.

The people were ready at once to help and all set to work chopping rollers to launch a big barge into which we might empty our coal bunkers and lighten the ship. Armed with empty kerosene casks to tie underneath if possible and raise her, and with a large anchor and a cheery, hearty crowd of men, we rowed out into the darkness, two boats in tandem towing the scow. By midnight the old barge was full, and though out of repair was kept afloat alongside by continual bailing. Our biggest bower anchor had been placed away off, and the heavy chain carried and dropped with it, the inner end of the chain then being hauled home to the winch by our stream. In this way, with only small boats unable to row out such heavy weights, we had an immense purchase.

The excitements of life are not all within reach of conventional surroundings. Here was our floating house, with all the outfit for our work and without which there was no immediate prospect of return to civilization,

stranded on the top of an unprotected shoal in the September equinoctials; by the dim light of hurricane lanterns weird forms of men were dragging and hauling heavy weights along the deck, heaving coal up from bunkers from which streamed dust-blurred rays of lights they were working by, or hauling up buckets full and heaving it into the boat alongside. The wind was blowing the coal dust everywhere; this strange spectacle,

together with the sounds of the men's voices and the lumpy waves against our side, would have been interesting to anyone but the immediate result of the work was of such extreme importance the interest developed with some of us into excitement.

Exactly at midnight we once more got up steam, hauled tight on our chain, and after backing astern to loosen the sand suction, went full speed at the bank. A

general shout went up—she has moved! Another try, and another, and she had perceptibly changed her position; yet another, and the Strathcona was in deep water again, and we in a seventh heaven. No one would now have recognized our friends as fur trappers, even when they had washed. Anyone knowing that wasn't a hospital ship, and noticing the black rings round their eyes, which made them look sunken and hollow, would have supposed merely that we had a rather larger batch than usual of patients for the hospital. Most thankfully we towed our friends back again as soon as dawn of day permitted.

The good-byes were hearty enough, for it was difficult to say which of us was best pleased with the success of the night's work, which is quite as it should be. For giving is really a deeper and truer joy than receiving, even if we won't admit it. This time we dropped down the river successfully, and now are home safe in good, deep, open water.

Incidentally, one of the trappers told us of a very sad experience of his last winter. Driving along with his dogs, he was crossing a big river with his little son of nine years sitting on the back of the komatik. The boy was being broken into the love of the furpath, which is not to be acquired without apprenticeship. Suddenly the ice gave way and all were thrown into the strong icy current of the river. Both clinging to the komatik while the dogs struggled toward land, the father smashed the ice as he went along and was able to get ashore. Also, he could not swim, and the only way for him to get his boy was to haul in the sledge on which the lad was standing. But as he did so he was washed off, and without even a cry was swept under the ice by the powerful current.

When Ernest Renan left the Catholic church in which he was to become an evangelist, people listened gladly to his negation of Christ as the son of God. When Valmargre, the playwright, taught to revile the Christian religion, asserted that Jesus was the son of God, he was smiled at with incredulity. There are times in life when men wish that religion should be proved untrue; but there are other times when all we have, all we are, we would give to believe that beyond death is after all but the gate of life.

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We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.



Coloma, Wisconsin.—"For three years I was troubled with female weakness, irregularities, backache and bearing down pains. I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. After taking several bottles I found it was helping me, and I must say that I am perfectly well now and can not thank you enough for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."
—Mrs. John Westland, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 60, Coloma, Wisconsin.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

Cement Production Breaks Record

Ten years ago the production of Portland cement for the first time passed the 10,000,000-barrel mark, showing an increase of 2,600 per cent over the production of 10 years previous, and the giant strides that had been made in the industry were widely remarked. Even this production was small compared with that of the present day. In 1910, according to the report on cement by Ernest F. Burchard of the United States Geological Survey, the production of Portland cement reached the enormous total of 76,549,951 barrels, with a value of \$68,205,800. This is equivalent to 12,986,152 long tons, valued at \$5.25 a ton. It is an increase over the output for 1909 of 11,558,520 barrels, or nearly 18 per cent, and an increase in value of \$15,347,446, or more than 29 per cent. This increase alone is greater than the total output of Portland cement in 1900. In addition to Portland cement there was also produced last year 1,139,239 barrels of natural cement and 95,951 barrels of puzzolan cement, a total of 77,785,141 barrels.

The price of Portland cement in 1910 was as low as 73 cents a barrel in some places, the average for the United States being 89.1 cents a barrel. In 1890 the average price was over \$2 a barrel and as late as 1903 it was \$1.24 a barrel.

Mr. Burchard remarks that measured by the capital invested the cement industry is one of the world's three great extractive industries. In capital employed it apparently far outranks the gold-mining industry of the United States, including Alaska, as well as the copper industry. Only coal and iron stand ahead of it.

The principal constituent of Portland cement is limestone, and Mr. Burchard's report summarizes the most important limestone formations in all the states. The greatest of these are found in the eastern half of the United States, where there are enormous limestone deposits. The report is accompanied by a map showing the distribution of these limestones. The areas they cover comprise many thousands of square miles. The map also shows the location of the operating cement plants in the United States.

Public Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of Franklin J. Ellis, deceased, were granted to the undersigned Public Administrator within and for Chariton county, Missouri, by Probate Court of said County, bearing date of October 31, 1911.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to exhibit the same to me for allowance within six months from the date thereof, or they may be precluded from any of the benefits of said estate; and if such claims are not exhibited within one year from the date of said letters the same will be forever barred. This November 8, 1911.

O. P. RAY,
Public Administrator.

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